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*Impressionism—Some Speculations*

times mentioned. His attitude towards life will be theirs; his circumstances only will be different. An elephant is an elephant whether he pours, at an African water-hole, mud and water over his free and scorched flanks, or whether, in the Zoological Gardens, he carries children about upon his back. —*Ford Madox Hueffer.*

*Myself and I*, by Fannie Stearns Davis. Macmillan.

This book shows a charming, lyrical fancy. Poems such as *Hill-Fantasy* and the first of the *Songs of Conn the Fool*, are excellent and original. In *Conn*, the idea of the poet's mission being to steal the moon in order to plant its seeds and grow more moons for a clamoring world, expresses an old belief under quite a new figure.

The metre of *Hill-Fantasy* gives the swing and lilt of the pipe music about which it sings. It is also a relief, this unusual metre, in a volume of much metrical sameness. Miss Davis is a pioneer in neither ideas nor verse-forms. She follows a well-beaten track, tripping along it with dainty, feminine feet. Hers is a delicate talent, made up of careful observation of nature, and a fine taste for beauty. Some of her expressions are a keen pleasure: "Gown of shoal-sea green," "Till the blue air crackled like a frost-film on a pool," "A little white moon like a twisted thread." All of these show a rare gift of imagination, and the real poetic quality of stamping the idea into words. Miss Davis plays a graceful little tune on a silver-stringed lute. But it is only one tune and her lute

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is only one instrument. In "*Myself and I*", she laments the lack of courage which prevents her from following her vision, and resigns herself to the compromise of keeping the vision as a solace, while lingering in "the sober road." One cannot help hoping that, with so much talent, "I" will permit herself to broaden and deepen, mentally, under the tutelage of "Myself," so that the melody of the lute may widen to the full-toned orchestra of a larger sympathy and a greater range of joy and sorrow. But even as it is, and in spite of much repetition, this book contains poems which give great pleasure and a sense of satisfaction.

*Amy Lowell*

*Art and Swadeshi*, by Ananda K. Coomaraswamy, D. Sc. pub. Ganesh & Co., Madras. (With numerous reproductions of Indian works of art.)

This inspiring book contains two chapters on poetry—one on the repertoire of a Panjabi singer, with translations of lines not unworthy of the Greek Anthology, one on Rabindranath Tagore. The translations are slightly marred by inversions, by too frequent use of the second person singular, and—in their attempt to preserve the simplicity of the originals—by an occasional word or phrase which has been too far degraded by music-hall use to be longer effective in English.

Among the Panjabi folksongs there is one which says that the Sandal-tree grows where Lachchi spills water.